LED A SOLITARY EXISTENCE ON A LONELY ISLAND.

Survived Civilization Two Months-Her Dress of Skins Was Sent to the Pope at Rome-Could Not Speak Any Lan-



URING the past summer the writer made the attempt to land on the island of San Nicoas, an almost barren mass of sand lying sixty miles off the coast of southern California, the extreme outlying point of

the coast, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Leader. We passed the little island of Santa Barbara late in the afternoon and at 7 o'clock were five miles from the outer island. This was about seven miles long, and in portion 800 feet high. Around the summit of its low hills a bank of cloud had gathered and piece by piece was being torn away by a gale that had gathered so rapidly that, after lying to for five hours in an attempt to weather it out, we were forced to bear away and run before it under a closereefed foresail for a lee of sixty miles

The island lies in an area of constant gales and is almost unapproachable, except during the calm periods of the winter, and, even then, owing to the storms that suddenly rise, it is a dangerous place for yachts. Notwithstanding this, San Nicolas has -had within two centuries a vigorous native population, and with its barren shores is associated a true story that bears all the essentials of a romance of the Crusoe order. Within the present century the last of the natives were taken ashore by order of the priests at the Santa Barbara mission, under instructions from the Mexican government. The Indians had been living there from time immemorial, subsisting on fish (and shellfish), with which the waters abound.

A vessel was sent to the island, and all the Indians were taken aboard with the exception of one woman, whose child or children had been forgotten. It is believed that a gale was coming up, and that the skipper found his little craft in danger, and so put off. Others say that the woman was purposely deserted. In any event, the boat sailed away, leaving her standing alone on the beach, and, being "only an Indian woman," it probably mattered little to get away from the rough coast. When the Indians were landed at Santa Barbara it was said to be the intention of the captain to return and rescue the woman.

But not long after the sloop was wrecked and the story of the lost woman became almost a legend, her appearance often being pictured by the storytellers of the day, and her one quaint on Broadway to-day if it had not been cry of "Maneuauna" being repeated to for Winks, who was with me, credulous listeners. Seventeen years went by and the woman was almost the horses' heads with an umbrella. forgotten, until finally Padre Gonzales, excited by curiosity to learn her fate, stopped and I was pulled out from behired a resident of Santa Barbara to make a careful search for her, and as a result three unsuccessful trips were made to the Island. On the last Capt. Niderer took several Indians, and after futile attempts succeeded in landing. They soon found evidence that some one had lived on the island, discovering a basket containing feathers. This they disturbed, and on visiting it the following day found the feathers replaced.

It was evident that the woman was avoiding them, so they formed a line as well as they could across the island and marched in regular order 200 yards apart. Even then they could not find her and it was only when they had nearly given up the hunt that one of the party finally stumbled upon three huts and the woman, who was sitting on the ground, with a wild dog beside her, which growled fiercely at the strangers. The men signaled to the others and the entire party was soon gathered about the woman, who had lived a life as remarkable as that of Crusoe. She could not understand a word that was said. The Indians of the party, thinking that she was a sacred person, fell on their knees before her. She was a comely woman, 50 years of age. dressed in the skins of seabirds or shags which were fastened to sealskin About her were baskets cleverly made and, to the windward of her hut, which was made of the ribs of a whale, she had built a wind break of brush and grass. She had dishes of stone in which she ground roots of various kinds and her clothes were sewed with thread made from sealskin and with needles from the bones of birds. She consented to go aboard the vessel and was carried to Santa Barbara with all her belongings, which were considered great curisities, her dress of skins being sent to Rome to the pope.

At Santa Barbara she lived in the family of one of her rescuers, and though Indians from all over the state visited her, no one could be found who could understand her. She was a perfect child, playing for hours at a time, and making signs which could not be interpreted. She was baptised and given a Spanish name and at her death was buried at the old mission graveyard, having survived the change from savage to civilized life less than

Aspiring Humorist.

Puttertum-That Alabama legislator who is introducing a law stripping women of those becoming shirt waists is a humorist. Bunterseat-Think so? Puttertum-Yes; he wants to get off a good thing.—Buffalo Times.

The "Bacchante" May Be Dumped Into the Harbor.

It would appear that there would be no great reason for surprise if we should read any morning in the newspapers that a stient and determined crowd of spectral figures disguised as Indians had broken overnight into the Boston public library under cover of electric light, dragged the Macmonnies "Bacchante" from its refuge, carried it in procession to the end of India wharf and intrusted it to the seclusion of the harbor, says Harper's Weekly. It begins to be fairly questionable whether anything since the stamp act has been offered to Boston which so many of her citizens dan't want as the "Bacchante." The opposition does not seem to abate. The image's name has been cut down to two syllables for convenience of discussion and by that and other titles Mr. McKim's gift is denounced and be-The opposition includes all sorts of ing around us. About forty of the parrated in sundry of the public prints. elements from President Eliot and Prof. Norton to the "friends of temperance" and the amalgamated methodist clergy. Dr. William Everett declares that the statue is pretty and that the expression is "wholly vulgar." He is solicitous, too, for the safety of the baby. Artists who write to papers say the image is much too small for the place and deride it on general grounds. School teachers and parents say it is naked and unsuited to the contemplation of children, and foes of rum say that it strikes the temperance agitation fairly between the eyes. Not the Heine fountain itself was more thoroughly looked in the mouth than this joyous "Bacchante."

A "HORSE" ON THE MAYOR. Mount Vernon Practical Joke That

Needs a Diagram and Foot-Notes. From the New York World: The funniest people on this mundane sphere live in Mount Vernon, and Mayor Fiske is one of the funniest of the lot. He never has dared to be quite so funny as he could, but he has taxed the lives and waistcoats of his fellow-citizens by coming pretty close to the limit of facetiousness. When the mayor tried to open his front door yesterday he found some heavy object fastened to the outside knob. He pulled and grunted. At last he managed to get the door opened enough to enable him to stick his head in. A large wooden hobby horse was fastened to the door knob. On its side was inscribed the words, "Merry Christmas." "Ha-ha-ha, He-he-he Ho-ho-hoho," roared the jolly mayor, most doubled up with laughter. "Well, that's a good one. That's a horse on the other hunters, who were glad to me, surely. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall surely die of laughter." Some of Mount Vernon's citizens who lack the mayor's keen perception of humor are going to ask one of the local papers to explain the joke with proper diagrams and foot-notes.

> Deeply Interested. Jinks-I would have been run over sprang forward and showered blows or Just as the umbrella broke the team neath the wheels. Blinks-Did the umbrella have a silver handle like a shepherd's crook? "I did not notice parto pieces stopping the team. Why?" side of Mount Quarantania, easily vis-"He borrowed mine yesterday."-New York Weekly.

Jumping at Conclusions.

The Minister-Brother Brown, I unheater this week. I cannot tell you how deeply pained I am to hear this. Brother Brown-But I thought you didn't object to the theater on principle -that you merely condemned the objectionable shows. The Minister-That, alas, is just it! This must have been a particularly disreputabale performance. Why, I am told that they had the "Standing Room Only" sign out every night!-Cleveland Leader.

SOME GREAT MEN.

The most famous of ancient sculptors was Phidias. His work in the Parthenon remains the admiration of artists and screptors to the present day. Montesquieu may be termed "The

Father of Philosophical History," being among the first to search in the doings of men for the causes of their action. Titian was the greatest Venetian

painter. The chief of a long line of imitators, art critics rank him with Raphael and Correggio, a prince of the

The most talented sopranos were Mara, Catalini, Jenny Lind, Gabrielli and Patti. Each was distinguished by extraordinary compass and purity of

The greatest theologian was St. Augustine, whose body of theology at present constitutes the major part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church.

The leading experimental philosother was Bacon, who deemed that the substance of all philosophy lay in testing the accuracy of the knowledge already gained.

Virgil was the greatest pastoral poet who ever lived. Standing next to Homer as a writer of epics, he nevertheless, in some passages, excelled his famous master.

The most learned philosophical historian was Buckle. It is estimated that a single foot-note in his "History of Civilization" must have cost five years' research.

The first and, in most respects, the greatest of all tragic poets was Aeschylus. His delineation of the tragic elements of human conduct has never been surpassed.

TENTING NEAR THE ANCIENT heavenly as is any city on the planet. TOWN OF JERICHO.

Dr. Barrows Writes of Jerusalem, Its Filth and Misery, of His Journey to the Valley of the Jordan and His Camp in the Wilderness.

(Palistine Letter.)



E have gone down from Jerusalem to Jericho and have not fallen among We are thieves. now living in a tent standing in a garden full of bananas, acacias, pomegranates and China trees, with one fine cypress, and with

roses, oleanders and jasmine blossomty have come down with us to the Jordan valley. Some of us are living In tents, while others are accommodated inside the Hotel Bellevue, which is the property of the patriarch of Jerucalem. Not far from us is the modern Bedouin village of Jericho. The evening lights and shadows, visible from this deep vale, have a strange, bewitching beauty. I have come to feel the loveliness of the desert. The great bare wall of the mountains of Moab, beyond the Jordan and the Dead sea, is touched with golden light. To the west of us we behold the mountainous wilderness of Judea, more desert still. In the evening shadows it is not unlovely.

OLD WOMAN HERMIT. ANOTHER BOSTON TEA PARTY ON A JUDEAN PLAIN. ing, too much degrading poverty and too many evidences that the earthly Jerusalem is about as far from the

> On looking from my window yestermorning I began to appreciate some of the changes which the city has undergone since I saw it in the spring of 1874. Further examination made the changes seem almost a transformation. Within the walls the streets are just as narrow, dirty and noisy as ever, and more crowded. The population has doubled, and the Jewish population more than doubled. Of the 60,000 persons who now dwell in the city 40,000 are supposed to be Israelites, and they own three-fourths of Jerusalem. They have even taken possession of a large part of Christian street. Outside the city, near the Jaffa road, are the fine buildings which Sir Moses Montefiore erected for the Jews. But these are only a small part of the many important structures which now cover the whole western and northern environs of the city. The Russians and French have built very extensively, and their hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims are flanked by churches, hospitals, schools and private residences. In the region where the various consulates are found one seems to be in a modern city. Not far from the Damascus road are the house of the English bishop and the new English church. Near the garden of Gethsemane, on the east side of the city, rises the green-domed Russian church, and the summit of the Mount of Olivee is now defaced, as many think, by a lofty Russian bell tower, which is plainly visible here in the Jordan valley.

To the right of us is the massive tower of Hippicus, often called David's Greek monks have a convent on the tower which is really one of the strong

THE HOLY SEPULCHER

ible from our camp. This mountain is the traditional place of the temptation of Jesus. We are 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea, and our journey here has been marked by heat and dust. But the plain of Jerican though derstand that you attended the Adelphi no longer covered with palms, is dotted with many trees, chiefly thorn trees, and seen from a little height it looks more verdant than it really is. Here we are to encamp for two nights before returning to Jerusalem.

In this letter I mean to give a some what detailed account of what we have thus far done in the holy land. We make our headquarters at Howard's hotel, a little distance outside the Jaffa gate. This building, like the hotel at Jaffa, we found finely decorated with



VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM flags in honor of Chevaller Howard's recent marriage to an English lady who came with us on the Midnight Sun. It has been our fortune to see a good many decorations in our recent journeyings. Paris was still gay on account of the czar's visit, Rome was brilliant with the marriage of the prince of Naples, at Constantinople our ship was dressed with bunting for the wedding, Nov. 2, of Mr. Perrowne, son of the bishop of Worcester, who is a business partner of Dr. Lunn, and on tiny shops and buyers chaffering over arriving at Jaffa we were taken to Howard's hotel, bright with the flags of all nations. But nothing can make a Christian's visit to the holy city an experience of unmixed joy. Sacred and tragic memories are numerous and oppressive. He sees too much suffer-

forts belonging to the old Jewish wall, which was spared by Titus in the destruction of the city, with the proud purpose to show after generations what mighty fortifications the Romans could storm. I am glad that Jerusalem is still entirely surrounded by a wall. Although this was created by the Turks as late as the first part of the sixteenth century, and does not enclose the whole of the ancient city, it helps to give Jerusalem an antique and rather important appearance.

We are on our way to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The streets are full of donkeys, some of them white, and many of them carrying great loads of grain, fruit, wood and straw. Many an ugly and stately camel, sometimes so burdened as to fill up the street, lumbers by. A few weeks ago he may have left the gates of flowery Damascus; a few weeks hence he may be entering the streets of Cairo the Magnificent. The camel is the symbol of the orient, as is the locomotive of the occident. In these Jerusalem streets the water-carriers, bearing on their shoulders great hairy water-skins, are frequent. These skins are not leather bags, but the undressed hides of animals, retaining the shape of the live goat or pig, and are most disgusting looking receptacles. No words can describe the squalor and general repulsiveness of much of the life that here thrusts itself before our eyes. There are moments when one feels that the humanity about him, ragged and unwashed, barefooted, blind, lame, must be more abject than anything which met the eyes of Jesus. In this he is probably mistaken. But people get so near to each other in Jerusalem! The meat-shop pushes its fly-covered wares almost into your face. The moslem market does not fascinate the American buyer. In Christian street things are better and one must not think that all of Jerusalem is disgusting, though nearly all inside the walls is loathsomely picturesque. I am afraid that I cannot make my readers feel how unlike anything with which they are famaliar all this life really is, with mer and animals crowding against each other, with merchants squatting in their their purchases, while a stream of donkeys, some of them bestridden by blacked-legged and red-slipped Bedouins from Jericho, winds its way through the midst of all this dirt and

J. H BARROWS.

business.

A POWER IN OLD SOUTH

PLANTATION OVERSEER AND PLACE HE OCCUPIED.

His Authority and His Opportunity-Although Not Recognized Socially He Was an Important Factor in Poll-



N institution familiar to the southerner of the antebellum period that disappeared has forgotten was the plantation overseer. tion in the south where there were

as many as twentyave grown slaves there was an overseer, and on the great plantations where there were hundreds and hundreds of slaves there was a head overseer, with a force of assistants with slave foremen under them, all of whom came between the slave and the master, just as success with the same philosophy captains and colonels come between the private soldier and the general-inchief; for every plantation was supposed to be worked by a force organized as an army is organized, with details for this and details for that, and at the head of all this organization there was an overseer, the second in command, who was answerable alone to the planter. Shrewd fellows were these overseers as a class and men proud of their calling. The product of necessity, when the rich slave-owners gathered together more human cattle than they could herd themselves, they formed a distinct and separate class, the sons of overseers being overseers for generations and seeking the daughters of overseers for wives.

The position of an overseer on a rich plantation was not only a responsible one, but one of influence in the community. Wealthy planters spent much of their time away from their plantations and upon the overseers, as their representatives, devolved not only the duties but the influence common to the head of a great business.

Though rarely ever explicitly authorized to act independently, they generally attended, not only to the purchasing of supplies, equipments, etc., but at the end of the season shipped the year's crop to the agent at Charleston, Mobile or New Orleans and saw that the planter received his proper returns; so that, so far as being a mere slave driver, as he has been generally presented, the overseer was, in many instances, a capable man of affairs, fillng practically the place of an English steward and relieving his self-indulgent employer of practically all the duties of his position except the agreeable one of posing as a grand seignior off the proceeds of his slaves' labor.

Then, of course, there was the overseer of the little planter who ran ten or a dozen plows that he could well have attended to himself. This man was, as a rule, a hack-a mere toadying taskmas ar, cringing to his employer and bullying the negroes under him; staying in no place for more than year at a time and demoralizing every plantation that he undertook to run. To this class is due the odium that at the north attaches to the name. But I will not deal with them. They are not an entertaining study.

The position of a head overseer on a rich plantation was, as I have intimated, one of great responsibility. There were many plantations in the south that embraced 10,000, 15,000, 20,000 acres of land, upon which there were employed from 200 to 1,000 slaves. There were a great many planters who owned several plantations lying far apart, with an overseer upon each. This planting was a big business. First there was the question of filling several Mundred hungry mouths and covering several hundred bodies with proper clothing, to be solved; houses had to be kept in repair, knitters, weavers, millers, carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, all had to be kept employed to the best advantage to supply the needs of the plantation. Great strings of fence, miles and miles long, had to be kept up; and after this a profit had to be shown to the planter or there was a vacancy for a new overseer. Then there was the responsibility for a great body of valuable slaves.

There were masters who did not proless to know their slaves on sight. These slaves were worth much money, and should they run away or die they were a loss that a master, however indolent and self-indulgent, would not be patient with. Not even the ambition to excel as a farmer must be allowed to blind the overseer to the welfare of his charges. If a slave died from overwork, the case was investigated and a change made in the management another year. But that the overseer dealt with all the questions that presented themselves with passable success is evidenced by the fact that he not only held his ground, but gained ground from year to year, until, at the breaking out of the war, the great cotton crop of the south was practically the product of his energy and generalship in directing the efforts

of the ignorant slaves in his charge. But the overseer can be viewed from another point than that of the business man of the south. He was a political power. His employer's policy was generally his, and in many instances his policy became his employer's; but no matter who shaped the policy, it was the overseer who saw that the election went right. The planter who backed a friend for Congress, Governor or Legislature placed the management of his campaign practically in the hands of the overseer, who was in touch with the voters and knew just where and how to make every vote INDULGENCE DEMANDED.

Philosopher Could Not Help Putting on Style After His Great Feat. The elderly Washington gentleman

whose years do not lessen a genial interest in the affairs of life had an unfamiliar swagger in his gait as he came into the house, says the Washington Star. His wife observed it immediately. There was something in his manner when he merely served the butter at dinner which suggested the pompous, "Richard," his wife said, "I hope you have not forgotten that pride goeth before a fall." "My dear," was the reply, "I am perfectly familiar and almost been with that admonition And I have reason to fear that in my case it applies in a literal as well as in a figurative On every planta- sense. But I can't help it." "You are tion in the south not usually this way." "I know it. When I was graduated at the head of my class in college I was as meek and modest as the last man on the list. When I was elected to office and ran away ahead of my ticket, I could have defied anybody to accuse me of showing the least clation. When I won my first big lawsuit I endeavored to bear which I should have felt was proper in defeat. When I got my picture in the paper as a leading citizen of the community I could have defied any of my old-time friends to detect the slightest difference in my behavior. But this case is different. I hope you'll bear with me, but I've just ridden my bicycle three times around the block without falling off and I just can't help putting on airs."

A THREE-DAYS DANCE.

Longest Ball on Record, With Constant Relays of Musicians.

What promises to be the longest ball on record will soon be held at Brighton, England, in the cause of charity, says the New York Journal. It is said it will last, continuously, for three days and three nights. Just how this will be managed has not yet been learned. It is possible, however, that it can be kept going by a careful arrangement of relays of musicians and dancers who will reel off the waltzes, mazurkas and schottisches one after the other. Probably a short interval will be allowed in the daytime for rest, and then the programme resumed with increased ardor. The entertainment is to be given in the town hall, and the institution to be benefited by it is a dispensary for the relief of the sick poor. There is a long list of titled people among the patronesses, and it is presumed that many members of the nobility named will grace the occasion by their presence. The Duchess of Teck is the greatest "altesse" on the list, which also includes the Countess of Munster, Baroness de Worms, Lady Ellis, Lady Pocock, and several score of the untitled gentry of the place. The lord lieutenant of the county, the Marquis of Abergavenny, is the nominal head of the affair, but whether the authorship of the idea is his is not stated.

Secret Societies in China-

Throughout the long course of Chinese history the existence of these "Hul," or secret associations has been recognized and recorded. At various times they have adopted different titles. We read of the "White Lily" sect, the "Yellow Caps," "The Society of Heaven, Earth and Man," the "Triad Society," the "Hung League," and the "Kolao Hul," and countless other associations. More often than not these bodies have been started as benevolent societies, but almost invariably, certainly in the cases of those we have named, the philanthropic zeal of the founders has degenerated into political fanaticism. Some of the greatest political changes in the empire have been due to their action. The Mongol dynasty, established by Jenghiz Khan and his followers, mainly owed its downfall to the energetic action of the Hung League: and it is beyond question that had it not been for the support we gave to the government of China in its struggle with the T'al Pings, who trace their origin to the same secret society, the present Manchu dynasty would have shared the fate of the Mongol emperors.-Blackwood's Magazine.

She Showed Him How. Even those who believe that polite-

ness should be taught politely may be allowed to smile at a good lesson somewhat rudely administered—a lesson like the following, reported by the Minneapolis Journal:

Out in the midway district there is a tall Swedish washerwoman who has a keen sense of justice, and who put her ideas into practice the other day in a decidedly positive manner. While walking on University avenue she was overtaken by a bicycle rider who had more speed than courtesy. In place of turning out he rode up to her and pushed his wheel along until it struck her, but did not throw him off.

"I tank I show you how to get off a wheel," she said, with fire in her voice; "yes, I tank I vill," and as she spoke she projected one of her feet and kicked the wheel from under the rider.

He fell into the dirt at the edge of the sidewalk, as she walked on, and the wheel located itself on his stomach. And all he could hear as he picked himself up and caressed his bruises was a voice coming to him from a tall, swift-striding Swede:

"Ya, ya, I tank I show him; I tank

A Financier.

The sultan took more than two years to pay for a load of lumber he ordered from a firm in the United States. What Christian Napoleon of finance could do better than that, short of not paying at all?-St. Louis Dispatch.